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London LOOKE BACKE, AT THAT YEARE OF YEARES 1625.

AND

LOOKE FORVVARD, VPON THIS YEARE, 1630.

Written, not to Terrifie, But to Comfort.

LONDON
Printed by *A. M.* and are to bee sold by *Ed. Blackmoore* at the *Angell* in *Paules* Church-yard, 1630.

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Looke Backe.

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TO looke backe at *Ills*, begets a Thankefulnesse, that we haue escap'd them: So the Children of *Israel* hauing dry foot passed through the red Sea, looked backe, with a double *Ioy*; To see themselues on Shore, & their enemies Drowned

To Looke Backe, at our sinnes, begets a Repentance: Repentance is the Mother of Amendment: and Amendment leades vs by the hand to Heauen: So that if wee looke not Backe, there's no going forward in that Iourney to *Ierusalem*.

To looke Backe at an enemie, from whom wee flye; Calls vp *Hope*, and *Feare*; *Hope* to out-runne him, *Feare* to be ouer-taken: *Hope* to fight with him agen, *Feare* neuer to fight more. To looke backe, strengthens wisedome; to looke forward, armes Prouidence: and lendes eyes to Preuention.

What Marriner hauing gotten safely by a Rocke, but with a liuely spirit lookes backe, and praiseth Heauen, for Stying by such a danger? What Generall, but at the end of a Battaile, lookes backe, on his slaughtered Souldiers with sorrow: and on his liuing Regiments, with *Gladnes*; What a *Glory* is it, to repeate the story of the fight? How such a *Captaine* cut a braue way to Victory with his Sword! How another brake through

the Batta'ia's, like the God of Warre.

Looke backe therefore (ô *LONDON*) at Time, and bid him turne ore his Chronicles, and ſhew thee, that Yeare of Yeares 1625. For, if euer there was in *England*, a yeare, great with Childe of wonder, that very yeare was then deliuered of that Prodigious Birth.

The yeare 1625.

It was a yeare Fatall to all our Kingdomes; For, the Courts of our Kings, were forced to fly from place to place for ſafety, and yet the purſuing enemie, Death, tracde thē and ouertooke thē by the prints of their feet.

Fatall to our Kingdome.

It was fatall (O thou *Empreſſe* of *Cittees*, faire *Troy-nouant*) to thee; For (bloud ſhedde excepted) thou with *Ieruſalem*, didſt feele as grieuous a Deſolation: eating vp, with *Mariam*, thine owne children, with *Samaria* thou wert beſeiged, tho gh not (like *Samaria*) with *Benhadad* King of the *Aramites*, and 32. Kings more with him: But with a farre more cruell enemy, (the Peſtilence,) and an infinite Army of Sinnes, which to this very day, fight against thee.

To the Citty.

2 Kings. 20 1.

A more terrible Tyrant, then *Benhadad* (and that is Death) ſayd then to thee, as he did to *Samaria*; Thy Gold and thy Siluer are mine, thy Women alſo, and thy faire Children are mine. O how much of the one was then buried in Earth, and what excellent Pieces of the other lay then deflowred in Graues!

2 Kings 20 3.

Reb. 6. 20.

With *Ierico*, the walles of thy Glory (O *London*) were broken down, for thy Princes tooke from thee the Honour of their Chariots, thy Diuines the harmony of their Eloquence; Thy Magiſtrates, the ſplendor of their Authority; Thy Merchants the Renowne of Commerce: Thy Phyſitians gaue thee ouer; Thy Soldiers like Cowards left thee in the open field: Thy old Men went away, and thy young-men fled before thee in the fumes of their Marrow.

London's generall Miſery.

Reader, to Feaſt thee with more variety, caſt thine eye on theſe following verſes, in which is ſet downe a more full, and more liuely Deſcription of that Lamentable Time.

This

This was that yeere of wonder, when this Land,
Was Ploughed vp into Graues, and graues did ſtand
From morne, till next morne, gaping ſtill for more.
The Bells (like our lowde ſinnes) ne're ginning ore.
Then, life look't pale, and ſicklier then the Moone,
Whole Houſeholds, well'th morne, lying dead at Noone.
Then ſickneſſe was of her owne face affrayde,
And frighting all yet was her ſelfe diſmayde:
LONDON was great with childe, and with a fright
Shee fell in labour —— But O pitions ſight!
All in her Child-bed Roome did nought but mourne,
For, thoſe who were deliuer'd Were ſtill-borne.
The Cuty fled the Cuty, for thoſe Bells
Which cal'd the Church man, rung his neighbors knells:
The Cuty fled the Cuty, and in feare,
That enemy ſhunn'd, who met her euery where.
The Cuty ſo much of her Body loſt,
That ſhe appear'd a gaſtly breathleſſe Ghoſt:
Paules Organs (then) were pulling bells, to call
This day a Quieſt to this Funerall
Who yeſterday ſate ſinging Hozeds home
To morning Mattens, yet ere they got home,
Had Tokens ſent them to't they ſhould no more
Heare Anthems there: They were to goe before
Him, to whoſe name thoſe Anthems were all ſung,
To inſtruments, which were by Angels ſtrung.

By this little Picture you may gueſſe, if that yeare of 1625. was not one of the worlds Climactericall yeares: If it bee not (to this day) more remarkeable, than any other yeare in the memory of man, looke backe but on ſuch Calenders, as your obſeruations may ſet downe, and then be your owne iudges.

Firſt, then (in your looking backe) remember thoſe ſlyght and purgatiue Fluxes, which then were the Vant-currers, making way for other Diſeaſes

which immediately brake in vpon vs: How many Families fell by that Consumption! How many houſeholders did that (then not regarded) ſickneſſe carry away? Did one in a Thouſand eſcape it? Or if happily they got out of his fingers, did not a ſpotted Feauer then preſently print her Nayles vpon their fleſh?

How many Boyes were by this Purueyor of Death, mark'd for Funeralls!

Our Doctors gaue that young Sickneſſe then (as they doe this now Reigning) a fine gentleman like name, the ſpotted Feauer, as if it had beene Erminia, the ſpotted Feauer, as if it had beene a Beautifull faire skind Sickeneſſe, and thoſe Spotes, the freckels in the face of it. But how many did this ſpotted Leopard ſet vpon, and teare in peces!

The ſpotted Feauer.

The Phyſitians were modeſt, and gaue it a pretty harmeleſſe Name, (the ſpotted Feauer) but wofull experience made vs confeſſe, it was the dire & *Plague*, or Couzen-germane to it: The ſpotted Feauer ſerued but as a By-name: The ſpots were the ſignes that hung at the Doores, but the Peſtilence dwelt within.

A kinſman to the Plague.

Agen looke backe vpon that Moone, and that officious Starre, waiting ſo cloſe vpon her, and reade in both their faces, what followed after.

The Moone and her Waiting-maide.

Agen looke backe, at the ſudden, and vnexpected death of *K. Iames*: He lead the way, and Millions of Subiects followed after him; He dyed of a Burning Feauer, but that burning went cold to a great many Hearts in *Chriſtendome*, and it ſtruck cold to vs in *England*, till the breath of Trumpets, glittering of Bonfires, and Acclamations of People, heated vs agen, with the happy Newes of a Glorious *Sunne* riſen: And that *Sunne* was the Great *Charlemanne*, our now preſent *Soueraigne*.

The Death of K. I.

A blu ſhing March, yet a mild Moneth.

Agen looke backe vpon the deaths of our Nobility: *Dukes*, *Earles*, and *Lords*, being at that time ſnatch't from vs.

The Death of Noble Men.

Agen looke backe, on the heapes of Engliſh, then ſwallowed in the ſea, & eaten vp in the *Low-Countries*.

The Sea a wide graue.

Reckon

Rekcon our Losses of Men abroad, and at that time, the ruine of Men, Women, and children at home.

All this Remembrances being thus added vp together, poynt if you can (through all the Reignes of our *Kings*) to any one yeare so full of wonderfull mutations! Such Shifting of the Windes from faire to foule, and frō foule to faire weather. Such Eclipses, and such affrighting Changes, and then my Penne shall be silenc'd,

But of all the changes happening that yeare, the greatest is not yet mention'd: When our Sinnes were in a full Sea, *God* call'd in the waters of our punishment, and on a sudden our miseries ebb'd: Whē the Pestilence struck 5000. and odde in a Weeke into the Graue; an *Angell* came, and held the *Sword* from striking: So that the waues of Death fell in a short time, as fast as before they swelld vp, to our confusion: Mercy stood at the Church doores, and suffered but a few Coffins to come in: And this was the most wonderfull change of all the rest. The great Change.

This was a Change, worthy to bee set ouer euery doore in Letters of Gold, as before Red-painted Crosses stood there, turning *Citizens* to runn-awayes. But a white Flagge was held out in signe of Truce; A pardon was promis'd, and it came to the great Comfort of all our Nation. When more than threescore thousand were mowen downe by the fyeth of time: Deaths Harnest towards the end of that yeare was almost all in. Looke backe (O *LONDON*) at these, and on thy knees, sing *Hymnes* to heauen for thy then deliuerance. Crosses turn'd to blessings. A Replie

Tis strange to obserue, that if a Bell be heard to Ring out, and that tis voyc'd in such a Parish within the walls of *LONDON*, a many is dead of the *Plague*, O what talke it breedes! If the next Weeke it mounts to two, then the Report stickes cold to the heart of the whole *City*. But if (as now) it rises to 41. Trading hangs the Head, and thousands fearefully suspect, they shall bee vndone. And is there not great reason for this, thinke you? Yes there is. One Bell Rings London laughing

For all other Infirmities, and maladies of the Body,

goe

goe ſimply in their owne Habit, and liue whereſoeuer they are entertaynde, vnder their proper and knowne Names; As the Goute paſſeth onely by the name of the Goute: So an Apoplex, an Ague, the Pox, Fiſtula, &c. But that dreadfull ſcourge (ſo ſtrunge with Bell-ropes that they Toll and Ring out, ſometimes, night and day,) that ſudden deſtroyer of Mankind: that Nimble executioner of the Diuine *Iuſtice*: (The Plague or Peſtilence) hath for the ſingularity of the Terrors waiting vpon it, This title; *THE SICKNESSE.*

A ſpirituall Enemie.

It hath a Preheminence aboue all others: And none being able to match it, for Violence, Strength, Incertainty, Suttlety, Catching, Vniuerſality, and Deſolation, it is called *the Sickneſſe.* As if it were, the onely *Sickneſſe*, or the *Sickneſſe* of *Sickneſſes*, as it is indeede.

The common murderer in the Army.

But, for all this Tyrants Raging and Rauing vp and downe this *Citty*; after puniſhment: Mercy, as you heard before, came downe: when the deluge was paſt, a *Raine-bow* was ſeene: *Martyrdome* went before, and *Glory* with a Crowne of ſtarres immediately followed.

To Dye is held fearefull: and the Graue hath many formidable ſhapes.

Men aliue in graue.

A Priſoner being drag'd to a Iayle, out of vvhich hee can neuer be deliuered, may truely call his Chamber, his Liuing Graue, where his owne ſorrowes and the cruelty of creditors, bury him.

They, who with fearefull labour, maintaine life by digging vnder-ground, goe daily to their Graue; So doe all Traytors that lay traynes to Blow vp their *K.* and Countrey: So doe all thoſe whoſe blacke conſciences prick them on to dige Pitts for others, into which they fall then ſelues.

A graue Opened.

But to open a graue as it is indeede, the graue is our laſt Inne, and a poore wooden Coffin our faireſt Lodging Roome. No: the Graue is not our Inne, (where we may lie to Night and be gon to Morrow) but it is our ſtanding Houſe, it is a perpetuity, our Inheritance for euer: A peece of ground (with a litle garden in it,

fiue

fiue or fixe foot long, full of flowres and herbes, purchas'd for vs and our posterity, at the deerest Income in the world the losse of *Life*.

The World is our common Inne, in which wee haue no certaine abyding: It stands in the Road-way for all passengers; And wither we be vpon speed, or goe slowly on foot, sure we are that all our Iourneyes are to the land of death, and that's the Graue. The World a fair Inne, but il Lodging in it.

A sicke-mans bed is the gate or first yard to this Inne, where death at our first arriuall stands like the Chamberlaine to bid you welcome, and is so bold, as to aske if you will alight, and he will shew you a Lodging. A Chamberline for all Trauailers.

In this great yeare of contagion, (I meane 1625.) whē the Bell man of the *City* (Sickneſſe) beate at euery dore, there was one who whilst he lay in his graue (his death-bed as he accounted it:) yet afterwards he Recouered, reported to his friends he beheld strange apparitions.

He saw a purchas'd Sessions; The Iudge was terrible: In his hand, Lightning in his voyce, Thunder: After thousands were cast, and condemn'd to dye, (sayd this sicke man) I saw my selfe a Prisoner, and cal'd to the Barre: The Iudge looking sternly vpon mee, was angry: my offences (being read to me) were heauy, my accusers many; what could I doe but pleade guilty! And falling on my knees, with hands held vp, cry for mercy. A man in his Graue sees strange fights. A sicke mans Sessions.

Teares, sighes, and Anguishes of soule, speaking hard for me, the Iudge melted in compassion, signed a repriue, sau'd me from death, and set me free. O in what a pitifull state had I beene else! for my conscience araigned me, my owne tongue accus'd mee, my owne guilt condemn'd mee: Yet the mercy of the Iudge sau'd mee. The best Iudge in England.

In this graue I lay, my memory being dead, my Sences buried, my Spirits couered with Earthly weaknesses, and all the faculties of my soule, cold as the clay into which I was to be turned. Yet loe! I was called out of this Graue; I quickned and reuiued: Seeing then that albeit death was about to thrust mee downe with one When men is weakest, God is strongest.

hand, yet life gentley pluckt me vp by the other, what did I but looke backe at the Horror which had beſet me round! I did not onely looke backe, but I look'd forward at the Happineſſe comming toward mee, which with ſpred armes I embraced: neither did I onely looke forward, but I looked vpward to heauen. Had I not reaſon to pay my heauenly Phiſitian with an humble & hearty Thankes-giuing! I did ſo. Haue I not reaſon to put al others, (that either it is yeare or in any yeare to come, ſhall be call'd to the ſame Iudgment-ſeat) in minde of their deliuerance!

A due debt muſt be payd.

Wee, being (at leaſt we ought to be) Chriſts followers, vſe as he did to giue thankes before we breake our Bread: and when we are ſatisfied, he is not ſatisfied, vnleſſe wee pay him, thankes agen, thankes! that's all: Poore is that good turne which is not worth godamercy: That benefit withers, which is not warm'd by the breath of the Receiuer. Here, leaue we our ſicke-man, well recouered, and ſinging holy Ditties for his reſtoring: Let vs now agen looke backe, and ſtedfaſtly fix our Eyes, vpon the Terrible face of that former wonderfull yeare. How many in that ſwallowing Sea of contagion, were ſtrucke with dreadfull Calentures, and Madnes of the Braines! Rauing, Raging and Rayling: yea curſing God to his face! And who had greater cauſe to Regiſter vp his mercy, in fetching them out of ſuch a hell, then they?

Iob. 3. 3

How many did then, with *Iob* (through the anguiſh of their Soares) wiſh that the day might periſh in vvhich they were borne! Yet ſome at the ſame time being recouered, did not onely not ſend vp prayers and praiſes for their ſafety, but hauing taſted of the full Cup of Gods mercy, they agen did tempt, his Iuſtice. If Drunkards before their Sickeneſſe, they were ten times worſe, after they were well.

They were not good, for Ioy they grevv vnto ſtrength, but being perfectly healthfull, vvere madd in their heartes that their purſes were too weake to maintaine

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tain thē in their old Riots. What would not ſuch haue ventur'd vpon, but that pouerty gaue them Lame hands. Theſe People had a minde to Cheate God by thinking they owed him nothing: But God ſtop't them in their Carreere; for ſeeing no amendment in them, after they had beene ſmitten downe once or twice, at the third blow he ſtruck them into Earth.

Old ſores ill cured, breake out agen.

Many men dead, few amended.

To cloſe vp this ſad Feaſt, to which none but Wormes were invited: let vs looke onely once more backe, at this, all-Conquering yeare, 1625. And remember that Preaching in many Churches, was in the heate of the Battails, forced to fly: Law, was at a *Non-plus*.

Traficke caſt ouer-board, Trading in the *Citty* lay Bed-ridde, and in the Countrey ſorely ſhaken vvith an Ague.

Remember O you *Cittizens*, that our Schooles then lock'd out Learning, (a wound to your children;) that your Seruants got little (a Bruze to your Family!) that your ſelues ſpent much, and many of your Stockes vvere almoſt vvaſted to nothing: (a Mayme to the Citty) But then afterwards on the ſudden, to ſee all this diſioynted Buildings, put orderly into frame again! vvas there not great reaſon to reioyce?

When that mighty number of 5000. and odde, in *LONDON*, and round about vvere carryed on Mens ſhoulders to their laſt Home, what Glory is due to the Diuine mercy! That wee (vvho now vvalke vp and downe the Streets,) Liue! Nay, not onely liue in Health but liue! hauing been layd in deaths Lappe, full of Sores, of Feauers, of Frenzes, yet are now healed in body and cured in minde.

The number that dyed in 1625.

Had euery Man, and Woman, as many voices as Birdes haue notes: All of them ought to be ſinging from Morne to Night, *Praiſes*, *Hymnes*, and *Honours* to this almightie *Iehouah*.

Are you not wearied, thus long with looking backe, turne your Heades therefore round, and now looke forward.

Looke not (as all this while you haue done) through perſpectiue-glaſſes, to make obiects afarre off, appeare as if they vvere neere you, but looke vvith full eyes, at thoſe preſentations, vvhich are directly now before you.

Looke forvvard as the Men of *Genazaret* did, who bringing all the ſicke in the Countrey to Chriſt, beſought him, that they might touch the Hemme of his Garment onely.

Luk.7.30. Looke forvvard, as the *Canaanitiſh* Woman did who cryed alovvd to Chriſt, ſaying: Haue mercy on mee O Lord, thou Sonne of *Dauid*; My daughter is miſerably vexed vvith a Deuill. Chriſt ſayd nothing at firſt: Hee put her by once or twice, but ſee hovv the Key of importunity, can open the very gates of Heauen! Her inceſſant intreaties, wonne him at length to ſay,) woman, great is thy faith, bee it to thee as thou deſireſt, and her Daughter was made whole at that houre.

Math.25.4. Looke forward as the fiue wiſe Virgins did, to fill your Lampes with Oyle, and expect the comming of the Bridegroome.

When open warre is denounced againſt a Nation, they (albeit before they ſlept in ſecurity, and lay drown'd in ſenſuall ſtreames) yet then awaken, they ſtart vp, and looke forward for their armour, leſt the enemy ſhould come vpon them vnprouided.

To looke forward is to ſee where the fire is giuen to the Cannon, and ſo that weake part, which lyes ſubiect to battry, is fortified for reſiſtance.

Looke forward therefore now; For now the Drumme of Death is beating vp: the cannon of the Peſtilence does not yet diſcharge, but the ſmall ſhot playes night and day, vpon the ſuburbes: And hath ſent ſeaué bullets ſinging into the *Citty*. The arrowes fly ouer our heades and hit ſome, though they as yet miſſe vs; But none knowes how ſoone the ſtrong Archer, may draw his Bow, and cleane our very hearts. Looke forward

how

howſoeuer, and looke vp with open eyes, vnder your ſheildes to receiue them as they come flying, leſt they peirce you quit through, & nayle you to deſtructiō.

This World is a Schoole, wee are Gods Schollers; Our Schoole-maſter has taken vp(this yeare) as yet, but the twigge of a Rodde, in compariſon of that bundle of Rodds hee vſed in that yeare 1625. He ſhakes the twigg at vs, and a few (of the lower formes in the Schoole) feele the ſmart, but the head Schollers that ſit in the higher formes, doe not as yet ſo much as tremble. Many are preparing to breake vp Schoole and ſteale into the Countrey: But take heed, and looke forward on the Booke, which your Schoole-maſter ſets you to reade: For if hee findes you not perfect in your Leſſons; Hee is binding the Rodde in his hand, harder and harder, and bee ſure (when hee ſtrikes) to bee payd ſoundly.

A wicked Schole, but the beſt Schollers.

To trewants.

The Bell tolles in a few places, but heartes ake in many. Is Sickneſſe come to thy doore! Hath it knock't there? And is it entred? There are many good Bookes ſet forth, to driue backe Infection, or if it cannot be driuen away, inſtructions are giuen how to welcome it. Make much of thy Phyſitian: let not an Emperick or Mounti-bancking Quackſaluer peepe in at thy window, but ſet thy Gates wide open to entertaine thy learned Phyſitian: Honour him, make much of him Such a Phyſitian is Gods ſecond, and in a duell or ſingle fight(of this nature) will ſtand brauely to thee. A good Phyſitian, comes to thee in the ſhape of an *Angell*, and therefore let him boldly take thee by the hand, for he has been in Gods garden, gathering herbes: and ſoueraine rootes to cure thee; A good Phyſitian deales in ſimples, and will be ſimply honeſt with thee in thy preſeruatiō. I neuer ſat with *Æſculapius* at the Table; I ſcarce know what a Salutory-box meanes: yet(without asking leaue of the learned Colledge, to hang out my bill or begging licence at Surgeons hall, to ſeale *aprobatum eſt* vpon my Vnguents and Plaiſters.

Loue thy Phyſitian.

I will aduenture to Miniſter Phyſicke, and Salues to any one, that in this time, is troubl'd with the *Sickeſſe*: and my Patients in the end, ſhall confeſſe: That *Gallen, Hyppocrates, Paracelſus*, nor all the great Maiſters, of thoſe Artes, did neuer lay downe ſounder preſcriptions. And heere come my Medicines martching in.

Art thou (in this viſitation) ſtricken with Carbuncles, Blaynes, and Bliſters, Is thy body ſpotted all ouer? Art thou ſure death bids thee come away, by ſome Tokens which he hath ſent thee? Be rulde by me, and take this receipt; Truſt to it, for it cur'd a King of *Iſrael*.

King *Dauids* Phyſicke.

Cry out with *Dauid*, O Lord! Chaſtize me not in thy wrath, for thine Arrowes haue lighted vpon mee: There is nothing ſound in my fleſh becauſe of thine anger: neither is there reſt in my bones becauſe of my ſinnes. My woundes are putrified; my Reynes full of burning: I am weakned and ſore broken. My heart panteth: my ſtrength fayleth me: And the light of mine eyes (euen they) are not mine owne: my Louers and my friends ſtand aſide from my Plague, and my Kinſemen ſtand afarre off: Yet continue thou with the holy ſinger, and conclude thus, O Lord, haſt to helpe mee.

Hovv like you, this Medicine? Is it of ſuch vertue, that albeit, thou art ſicke to thy Death: It vvill by degrees take away all thy Torments.

A Iulep.

This ſecond is a Iulep to ſweeten the mouth of thy Stomacke, after the bitternesſe of thy ſickeneſſe: For, when by an Armipotent hand, thou art lifted out of thy death-bed; when the Bell hath ceaſt tolling for thee, and thy Womer-ſleepers leaue gaping for thy Linnen, thy goodes, and thy money: And are maide they are not likely to Rifle thy Houſe: vvhen thou haſt an appetite to eate, and that thy feete are able to walke vpon that Earth, which was hungry to deuoure thy whole bdoy; Then fall thou vpon that Earth, and Magnifie God. Then ſay, though thy ſinnes in thy ſickeneſſe made thy conſcience ſhev a face to thee as blacke as Hell,

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yet ſeake thou to it, and tell it, that this Recouery vvith new repentance (continued) ſhall make it like the vvinges of a Doue, couered with Siluer: and vvhoſe Feathers are like the yellovv Gold; Say to thy ſoule, it ſhal bee as white as the Snow in *Zalmon*, and confeſſe that Gods Mercy is like the mountaine of *Baſhan*: Say to thy Health, that the Chariots vvhich God ſent to guard it vvere tvventy thouſand Angels, amongſt whom, the Lord was as in the Sanctuary of *Sinay*. *Danids* Song ſet to our tune. Read 67.

Nay, albeit Death ſhould lay his Mouth to thine Eare, and bid thee put thy Houſe in order: For, thou ſhall Dye; Yet, an *Iſaiah* (ſome good Mans prayer) or thine ovvne, may bee heard, and God may Adde to thy dayes fifteene yeares more, as he did to *Hezekiah*, vpon his Repentance. 2 Kings 20. 1.

Repentance is a Siluer Bell, and ſoundes ſweetly in the Eare of Heauen. It is a Diamond ſhyning and ſparkling in the darke, to inlighten all our miſeries. It is a Balſum for euery vvound: It is a golden ladder by whoſe ſteppes wee climbe to immortality. It is a Chayne of Orient Pearle, tying vp Gods handes that hee ſhall not ſtrike vs: Repentance ſmelleth ſweeter then the Oyntment vvhich the Woman Annoynted Chriſts feete, when ſhee wiped them vvith her Hayre. Repentance winnes the King of Heauen, to ſmile vpon vs as if wee were his Fauorites: and to ſay thus. Good Mens ſicke Luke 7 38.

If thou ſtill art aſcending, and getting vp this hill of Repentance, bleſſed ſhalt thou bee in the Citty, and bleſſed in the field; Bleſſed bee the fruit of thy Body, and the fruit of thy Ground, and the fruit of thy Cattle, the increaſe of thy Kine, and the flockes of thy ſheepe: Bleſſed ſhall bee thy Basket, and thy Dough: Bleſſed ſhalt thou bee when thou comeſt in, and bleſſed alſo when thou goeſt out. Great wages to good Seruants. Deut. 28

Thy Land-ſoldiers (O *England*!) ſhall not ſtand in feare for thy Royall Navy, for thine enemies that riſe

againſt

against thee, shall fall before thy face: They shall come out against thee one way, and fly before thee seauen wayes.

His word (that speakes this) may bee taken better then any Kings in the world: And therefore, hold out both thy hands vnder, this Tree of Blessings, and catch the golden apples when so freely they are taken downe into thy lappe.

Bad seruice, bad wages.

But, if thou trample these gifts vnder thy feete, and spurnest at Gods fauour bestowed vpon thee, in thy Health, in the midst of a hot sickenesse. If the Tolling of Bells cannot awaken you, nor the opening of graues affright you: If Bill-men standing at other mens dores, cannot put you in minde, that the same guard, may locke vp yours, and the same red Crosses bee stucke in your Banners,: If to bee shut vp close for a Moneth, seeme but a short Scene in a Tragedy, and not car'd for, when tis Acted; Then heare (O *England* and thou her eldest Daughter, so admired amongst Nations for thy Beauty.) Heare what New Quiuers of Punishments will bee opened; For, these are the Arrowes which God himselfe sayes hee will draw out at rebellious Kingdomes: A Pestilence cleauing fast, Consumptions, feauers, burning Agues; The Sword, Blasting new-Dewes, Heauen shall bee turned to brasse, and Earth to Iron: Or Houses to haue others dwell in them, our Vineyardes to haue others taste them, our Oxen to bee slaine, yet wee not eate them, our Sheepe to bee slaughtered, and to feede our enemies. These, and hideous squadrons besides are threatened to bee sent out against disobedient people: What Physitians, Doctors, Surgeons, or Apothecaries, haue wee to defend vs in so dreadfull a Warre? None, not any.

2 Kings. 5. 14.

If therefore with *Naaman*, thou wouldst bee cleansed from Leprosy, thou must obey *Elisha*, and wash thy selfe seauen times in *Iordan*: Wee; e seauen times a day: Nay, seauen times an houre for thy sinnes.

Who

Whosoeuer with *Ahaziah*, (the King of *Samaria*) falleth sicke, and sendeth for recouery to *Baal-Zebub*, (the god of Ekron) and not to the true God indeede, hee shall not come from his bed, but dye the Death. 2 Kings 1.2

For, wee sincke to the Bottome of the watters, as the Carpenters Axe did: But, though neuer so Iron-hearted, the voyce of an *Elisha*, (the feruency of prayer and prayfing God) can fetch vs from the bottome of Hell: And by contrition make vs swimme on the toppe of the waters of Life. 2 Kings 6. 5.

Now, albeit at the first crying to God, nay, the Second, Third, Fourth, or twentith time, hee will not heare thee; But that thy sighes are neglected: Thy teares vnpittyed: Thy sores nor repented: Thy hunger not satisfied; Thy pouerty not relieued. Yet giue thou not ouer: stand at the gate of Gods mercy still; Begge still: Knock still, and knock hard: For, *Hannah* was barren, yet being an importunate suiter, her petition was heard, and signed. Shee was fruitfull, and had three Sonnes, and two Daughters. God loues an earnest suiter. 1 Sam. 1. 8.

So, albeit wee bee barren in Repentance, in Thanksgiuing, in Charity, in Patience, in Goodnes: Yet if vnfeignedly wee pray to Heauen, wee shall bee fruitfull: And these fiue shall bee our Sonnes and Daughters.

By this meanes our *Mara* shall change her Name agen to *Naomi*, and our bitternes, bee turned into sweetnes. Ruth. 1. 20.

Art thou sicke? Thy best and onely Doctor dwells aboue: Hast thou beene sicke? Art thou amended? Fill Heauen and Earth, full of Songes to thy Eternall Physition, who takes nothing of thee, for any *Electuaries* hee giues thee; His Pilles are bitter, but wholsome, and of wonderous operation: And so much the better, because what he giues, comes *gratis*?

Art thou recouered? Hast thou pluck't thy foot out of the graue, when it was stepping in? Syrach. 30. 14.

Then with the Sonne of *Syrach*, acknowledge, that a

Beggar in health is better then a diſeaſed Monarch, Health and Strength, are fairer then gold, and a ſound body is an infinite Treaſure.

So that, if thou doeſt not open thy Lippes, to Magnifie him, that hath ſnatched thee out of the lawes of deſtruction, His bleſsings are to thee, as meſſes of meate ſet vpon the graue.

I muſt yet once more wiſh thee (O *Troy nouant*) to caſt thine eyes about thee: Looke forward on thy ſad Neighbour (diſtreſſed *Cambriage*,) Sickeneſſe ſhakes her, her glorious Buildings are emptied, her *Colledges* ſhut vp, her Learned Sonnes forſake her, her Tradeſmen cry out for ſuccour. Want walkes vp and downe her ſtreetes, a few Rich, a many Poore; But the hands of the one cannot feede, nor fill the mouthes of the other.

To thee therefore (O thou Nouriſhing mother of all the Citties in *England*) to thee (albeit thou art in ſome Sorrow thy ſelfe) does this afflicted Nource of Schollers come; What tree hath Branches broad enough to ſhelter her from ſtormes but thine? Where is a Sunne to warme her frozen Limbes if it moues not in thy *Zodiack*? Thou (O Queene of *Citties*) art Royall in thy gifts; Charity ſits in thy Gates, and compaſsion waites vpon thee in thy Chamber; So that with *Dido*, thou often ſayeſt.

Non ignara mali, Miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

My miſeries to my ſelfe being knowne,
Makes me count others wants, mine owne.

FINIS.

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